

EAST AND WEST SERIES

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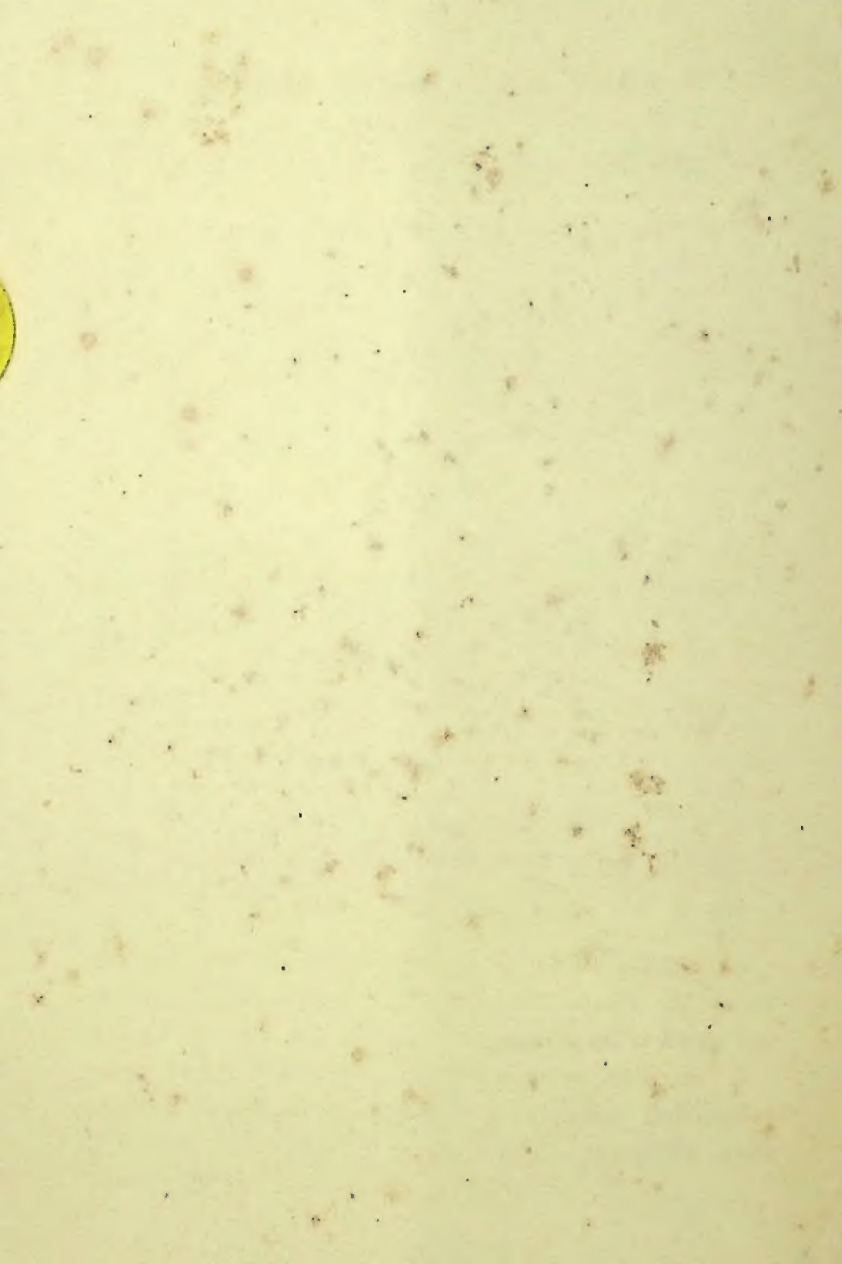
THE MASTER AND HIS MESSAGE

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T. L. VASWANI



EAST AND WEST SERIES

[Monthly]

An Interpreter of the Life of the Spirit

THE MASTER AND HIS MESSAGE

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—The Manager

MESSAGES FROM THE WEST

The issues of the "East and West Series" I have received have meant a great deal to me.

Dada's writings have been a source of inspiration and joy.

What could sum up the way of life better than his statement in *The Heart of the Gita*, when he says:—"Thy actions derive their true nobility from what thou art : and thou art in the measure in which thou art not !"

David G. Price
Virginia, (U. S. A.)

I am certainly well aware of what "East and West Series" is trying to do, and there are all few mediums of communicating to others the messages of the Saints and the Prophets for the benefit of all mankind.

I pray to God daily that He will bless your efforts and open the ears of my fellow-man so that he will receive the Truth and the Light.

Ralph A. Korb
Ohio, (U. S. A.)

I am very thankful for "East and West Series". I like them very much and have found them necessary for spiritual life.

Edward Strupis
South Australia

I have read several of your "East and West Series" with admiration and interest.

It is heartening to read such publications.

G. E. Hooper
London, N. I.

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INTRODUCTION

SRI Krishna!

The very name is a song. He came with ravishing beauty. He came with the matchless music of the flute. He came with a purity in his heart that saw the divine in the human and that made Him to many a milk-maid the Man of their Hearts. He came in the fulness of that Vision which gave gladness to all,—to man and maid, to bird and beast, to oak and pine, to flower and star. In a crisis of our history, He came with a wonderful outpouring of Love.

Of Him I speak a few simple words in the following pages. I speak, as always, to the young. Will Bhārata advance to its appointed fulfilment? Then must India's youths, in a true historic spirit, commune with the living past.

India was a fount of inspiration to sages like Apollonius of Tyana and Plotinus and Clement. India is yet, to a few in Europe and America, a holy place of pilgrimage. India, in her long history, has been blessed by the great ones, again and again. I have loved, specially, to meditate upon four great figures in the history of ancient India. May I call them four *avatāras* of Āryavarta? Sri Rāma, *avatāra* of *shakti*! Sri Krishna, *avatāra* of love! Buddha and Mahavira, *avatāras* of *ahimsa*.

Truth cannot be proven. Truth is not a matter of syllogism. Truth may be revealed in silence or may articulate itself through the mortal lips of some mighty ones. And they use the medium of parable or poem, simple speech or song. Jesus taught in parables. Krishna played upon the *murti*, the flute : in its notes He sang His vision of life. A vision of harmony and fellowship! A vision of joy! It is what the sad world needs.

"Why do you always wear black?" says a character to another in a little drama. And she replies :—"I am in mourning for my life. I am unhappy." Many feel unhappy. They need a message of life and strength. Darwinian optimism, with its gospel of the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, led to the world-war. And civilisation lies paralysed today. The Lord of the flute brings us a message of a new life :—Bound for God are ye, bound for the Beauty Eternal! Why, then, wander away from love? Why spend your strength in separation, in hate and strife?

With this message is melodious the *Bhagavad Gitā*. It is rightly regarded as the very essence of Hindu Scripture. "All the *Upanishads*," we read, "are the cows, the son of the cowherd is the milker. Pārtha is the calf, men of purified intellect are the drinkers, and *Gitā* is the milk." The Master of the *murli* has given us, in the *Gitā*, a song of synthesis. Vital synthesis! For wrong it is, I humbly submit, to think that the *Gitā* asks us to run away from life. The *Gitā* shows how we may go out of the "ego" to enter into the "Self,"—how we may abandon ugliness and illusion to embrace the Spirit of Life and the Life of the Spirit. The "Song of the Lord" vibrates with the message of a rich life.

This message sang the Lord of the flute, in the long ago. This message may save civilisation again. For I hold that His life and teaching are not for India alone. They are for the world. And centuries meet at His Lotus-feet. For the Lord of the flute is the Lord of love. And Humanity has not had a richer revelation than this :—Life is Love!

T. L. VASWANI

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A LIVING POWER

I do not regard Sri Krishna as one who came and departed, a figure of a dead past. I see Him through the spectacles of history as a living power.

It seems to me that we in this country are forgetting Sri Krishna and His message. The youths of today pay homage to other gods.

Many years ago, a great German scholar kindly came to see me at Karachi. His name is Prof. Rudolf Otto. We sat together discussing Hindu thought and culture. Time travelled fast. The evening hour came for divine service. I asked for leave to attend worship. "Let us meet again after worship," he said. And then he added :—"You go to worship in your sanctuary; I shall worship here." How? He took out from his pocket a small book,—Goethe's *Faust*. He said :—"I carry it everywhere. I shall read from this book till you come back." And I said to myself :—How many in India have for the *Gita* the love this German has for Goethe?

Sri Krishna, as I said, is a *shakti* in history. His message has captured many a Muslim heart. I think of Byli Khan, a Muslim general of Sri Chaitanya's days. He became a devotee of Sri Krishna. I think of Taj, the Muslim Mirā. I think of Krishna Das : he was a Muslim by birth, but became a devotee of Krishna, and changed his name, and composed wonderful songs in praise of the Master.

Krishna's philosophy of life is enshrined in the *Gītā*,—the world's greatest single philosophical poem. Some regard the *Gītā* as a scripture of the *karma marga*; some regard it as a scripture of the *bhakti marga*; some again interpret it to be a scripture of the *gnana marga*. To me the

Gītā is a scripture of *shakti*. *Karma*, *bhakti*, and *gnana* belong to *shakti*.

One note of the *Gītā*'s gospel of *shakti* is sounded in the *mantra*, the *mahāmantra* :—"Uttishtha! Parantapa!" "Stand up, O Arjuna!" Not quietism but *activism* is taught by the *Gītā*. Work! Work! Work is a door to God-vision. The very opening word of the *Gita* is *dharmakshetre*. Yes,—life is a *kshetra*, a field of *dharma*,—a battlefield. The call of the flute is a call to the battle-field! Soldiers of the Spirit! You must conquer *yourselves*,—your inner discord, your inner contradictions; you must conquer your *environment*, its conflict with the Ideal. Life would lose its vigour if it were a quest for pleasure. Life is conquest. To live is to fight,—for the Ideal.

History is a battle-field of ideas. For which Idea will you fight? Hedonistic or spiritual? The hedonistic idea pursues pleasure. The spiritual is the vital. Serve the spiritual in your own sphere. The message of the *Gita* is a dynamic message,—a message of heroic spirituality. Abstraction from life is not *dharma*. Sri Krishna showed profound insight into the deeper meaning and values of life when, on the Kurukshetra, He said unto Arjuna :—"Stand up, O Parantapa!"

India has suffered since the day she confounded the life spiritual with creeds of negation and inaction. Sri Krishna taught a doctrine of conquest and creative life,—a doctrine of *shakti*. Life is a battle-field. And on this battle-field our *dharma* is to resist the forces of degeneration and stand on the side of the forces of regeneration.

Is work enough? When I went to Europe, many years ago, I beheld tremendous activity. But what is the end of all this work? See how they fight one another. The coming war will be an atomic war : scientists patronised by Governments sit in laboratories to prepare nuclear

weapons. Not this the *Gītā's* gospel of work. In another *mantra*, the *Gītā* says :—"sarva dharmān parityajya mamekam saranam vraja!" "Renounce thy cults and take refuge in Me!"

People are in anguish all over the world. Look! how they fight in the names of cults and creeds. "Come unto Me!" says Sri Krishna. Which I interpret to mean :—"Come unto Love." For Sri Krishna was the very picture of Love! Work,—but charge it with love! In your actions, kindle the light of Love! The world's pitcous need, today, is the message of Love!

There is a pretty little story in the *Purāṇas*. One day, Sri Krishna leaves Brindaban. The *gopis* ask :—"Whither is gone the Lord? Whither? Where has he disappeared?" And Rādhā looks for Him : He cometh not! Then Rādhā calls a *sakhi* and says to her :—"May be, the Lord is gone to Mathura. Look for Him there, and tell Him :—Rādhā and other *gopis* wait for Thy coming! When wilt Thou return?" And the *sakhi*, sure enough, finds the Lord in Mathura, and to her the Master says :—"Take this message from me to Rādhā and the other *gopis* : I fain would return but on this one condition,—kindle the light! Kindle the light in your homes!"

And at this hour, when the world's chaos is deepening and civilisations are crumbling,—at this hour of the world's great agony, once again, the Master's message cometh :—"Behold! I come quickly if ye will but kindle the light,—the Light of Love!"

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER

SRI Krishna's message, as I have already said, is essentially a message of synthesis. He calls it *Rāja Yoga* in the *Gītā*. The term, to me, has a two-fold significance :—

(1) *Rāja Yoga* is the royal *yoga*, for it is the sovereign *yoga*, being the synthesis of other *yogas*.

(2) It is the royal *yoga*, for it points to the royal path, the *rāja marga*. The path of attainment is royal : for you are royal! You, O pilgrims on the path! you are not weak and helpless. Princes are ye all! Sons of the Eternal!

Ye are Gods,—said Jesus to the Jews of his generation, and they understood him not. "Stone him!" they said. They crucified him. Jesus but reproclaimed the ancient truth :—Ye are of the Eternal!

Jesus was a seer. Krishna was a seer. The seers are few. But they set before humanity the dynamic ideal. For they see the purpose of history. They see the meaning of evolution. They see the plan of the ages. The plan is divine.

Some have spoken of man as a laughing animal, some as a fire-kindling animal, some as a language-speaking animal, some as a lying animal, rich in the "gift of perfect deceitfulness!" Prof. Richet says that "humans are stupid!" But the seers point beyond the animal to the divine in man,—beyond his accidents and aberrations and illusions and ignorance to the Eternal Essence. And this is of the Godhead!

Ye are of the *ātman*! In you pulsates the life of God! You are not weak! You are not impotent! In you lies hidden a tremendous *shakti*. In the day, you, young men of India! realise this truth,—in that day will you stand erect

among the nations. India's bonds will be broken : you will be a nation of the free!

The royal *yoga* of which Sri Krishna sings is, like His melody, a synthesis. Its essential elements are three. May I call them (1) *dharma-yoga*, (2) *bhakti-yoga*, and (3) *buddhi-yoga*? Each one of these three, again, has three elements.

Dharma-yoga is a synthesis of (1) *dāna*, (2) *yagna*, and (3) *tapas*. These are the duties of every one. Spirituality is not running away from *dharma* or life's appointments and obligations. Spirituality is a conquest. Religion is not retreat. Religion is life. India went down in the day she separated religion from life. Sri Krishna's message is not a creed of quietism or inaction. Spirituality is a *shakti*. Religion is life of the *ātman*. And all tasks are sacred which express the life, the *shakti*, the energy of the *ātman*.

Religion is not spiritual indulgence. Religion is active service inspired by reverence for God. There is the God (1) below you, (2) above you, and (3) within you. So you have the three duties,—*dāna*, *yagna*, *tapas*.

By *dāna* is meant not merely the giving of some money in charity, but the giving of love and sympathy. *Dāna* is not mere alms-giving : *dāna* is not philanthropy. *Dāna* is service inspired by reverence for the poor. *Dāna* is worship of the poor.

Charity given in pride or for show and self-advertisement is not *dāna*. Don't patronise the poor, *worship* them! For they are of the Body of Sri Krishna. Give a fragment of yourself to the poor. One tear of prayer is more precious than ten thousand rupees of a rich man who gives with no reverence for the poor. On their sufferings, alas! is built the present order : and civilisation sacrifices their life to the comforts and motor-cars of the rich.

When I speak of the poor, I include in that class, also,

the criminal and the fallen. Regard the criminal, also, as a man and, therefore, as a God,—suppressed. The prison system must be reformed. Criminals, too, are humans. And the fallen ones? Did not Jesus bless them? And concerning Krishna we read that when a harlot was kissing His feet with her tears, the princes who were present were annoyed. And they asked the Lord why He allowed a fallen woman to insult Him thus. But He, the Lord of Love, smiled and answered them :—"Disturb her not. She knows better than you! For she has faith and love!"

The fallen, too, are humans. The poor are the forms of the Lord. Not they only but, also, the lower animals. They are the sub-human God. While the influence of Indian ideals is gradually growing upon groups of earnest men and women in the West, the concepts of the West are invading the minds of the Indian youth. And I know of many today who argue that they need flesh-foods for health and strength. Do we really expect to buy health and happiness in the slaughter-house? I ask all to give up meat and have love in their hearts for bird and beast. They, too, are our brothers in the one kingdom of life. They, too, are to ascend the ladder of evolution. They, too, are *rupas* of the Lord of Love.

Yagna I interpret as worship of God. Modern India, alas! has forgotten her God, and so we wander in weakness. *Yagna* should be our daily duty. Prayer is a mighty force, a great *shakti*.

Tapas is self-reverence, self-control. *Tapas* is the sacrifice asked of the youth. Yet so many today run after luxuries. *Bhoga*, not *brahmacharya*, is the ideal of many an Indian student of today.

In this triple reverence,—reverence for the sub-human God, reverence for the Eternal *Purusha*, and reverence for oneself and the powers within the self,—in this triple

reverence is the essential message of *dharma-yoga*, the *yoga* of discipline and duty. It is the *yoga*, the youth must practise to serve the Nation and the Lord.

Of the other two *yogas* and *margas* there is space only for a few words. The three elements which enter into *bhakti-yoga* are (1) *anurāga*, (2) *shraddhā*, and (3) *dhriti*.

Anurāga is aspiration, the longing of the soul. Richard Wagner, a musical mystic, interprets beautifully this emotion of *anurāga* in "The Flying Dutchman." Rādhā and Mirābāi and other devotees of the Lord in all ages have borne witness to the splendour of this emotion. Without it one may not hope to attain the Vision.

Shraddha is faith. *Dhriti* is steadfastness. These, too, are essential to *bhakti*. *Anurāga* is a beautiful emotion. But *bhakti* is not mere feeling. *Bhakti* is not sentimentalism. In longing we shed tears. Tears are a treasure. But I know of men who shed tears in prayers and then shed their brothers' blood in office. There are men who are fervent in singing hymns but who take bribes and do other bad things. Such men experience emotion : but it is a transient feeling. They lack living faith in the Lord. They lack *dhriti*. You must be steadfast in devotion : you must show it in life. Your longing for the Lord must reflect itself in purity of life and acts of service.

True *bhakti* is *shakti*. The *bhakta* is not a sentimentalist : he bends his energy to the service of the Lord. It is the longing blended with faith and steadfastness which flames into love. Of this true *bhakti*, Plotinus, the great seer, speaks in the following remarkable words :—"If we speak and write, it is but as guides to those who long to see : we send them to the place itself, bidding them from words to the Vision. The teaching is of the path and the plan, seeing is the work of each Soul for itself. Some there are that for all their efforts have not attained the Vision : the soul

in them has come to no sense of the Splendour there : it has not taken warmth : it has not felt burning within itself the flame of love for what is there to know, the passion of the lover resting on the bosom of his love. They have received the Authentic Light : all their Soul has gleamed as they have drawn near : but they come with a load on the shoulders which has held them back from the Place of Vision: they have not ascended in the pure integrity of their being, but are burdened with that which keeps them apart : they are not yet all one within."

Buddhi-yoga, too, has three elements :—(1) *viveka*, (2) *vignāna*, and (3) *visvadarśanam*.

Viveka comes with the consciousness that the *kshetra* is not the *kshetragna*. The *ātman* is not the environment. The Soul is not the body. You need the environment, but you are greater than it. Your body has its value, but as a vehicle, an instrument. You are greater than your body. You are not the poor, weak creatures you imagine yourselves to be. You are sons of the Eternal Strength. In you are locked up mighty powers. Great is your heritage. Princes are ye all. But you run after little things : you are driven hither and thither by little aims and ambitions : for you forget yourselves!

How *viveka* may be evoked, how the Real Self may be tapped, I may not pause to consider now. Several methods, several *sādhana*s, disciplines, may be indicated. One of these is the *sādhana* of silence. Centres of silence are what every city needs. As you enter into silence, you may begin to develop the power of discrimination, begin to understand that the *ātman* must not be identified with the outer environment. Friends! many years have you spent in cleverness and combativeness : and you feel tired, broken, distressed. I ask you to give trial to the method of silence. Practise silence for some months : and you may know that

in your hearts has begun already what is more precious than all the world can give,—an awakening, a process of healing.

Vignāna is realisation. As you distinguish yourself from the outside environment and enter through the gate of silence into your hidden depths, you begin to know who you are. The gate of remembrance opens : and you recover a consciousness of your royal birth. You pass into the *antarjyoti*,—the Inner Light.

This truth has been glimpsed by the three great Western thinkers,—Bergson, Croce, and Eucken,—who in their systems of philosophy trace the evolution of consciousness from instinct to intellect, and from intellect to intuition. Only a few today even think of attaining to this stage of consciousness. The modern mind finds it difficult to believe in the immaterial values of life : yet these has India been in search of through the long centuries. *Gnāna* has been her dominant aspiration. In quest of this higher knowledge princes left their palaces and kings their thrones. Buddha, Prince of the Sākya, renounced the palace in search of the path of realisation. It is not the path of scholarship.

Vignāna is not the *vidyā* of books. You may study ever so many books, yet know nothing of the inner encyclopaedia of the soul. Sri Rāmakrishna Paramahansa did not read books, but he had *vignāna*. He had wisdom of the soul. Read his "Sayings." What profound philosophy in them!

Nor must we confound *vignāna* with *hathayoga* or psychic powers. Psychism may not mean spirituality. You may have psychical powers : but you may use them for selfish, immoral purposes. *Vignāna* is knowledge of your Real Self, your deepest Self, your God-self. As it is, you identify yourself with a superficial self. You are greater than you know.

Darsanam : with *vignāna*, with the opening of *antar drishti*,

there grows a vision of the One in all. A vision of Wonder, of Beauty,—a vision of *ānanda*! He who glimpses even a little of this vision worships the One Living Face behind all masks. He enters into what is deeper than reason : he enters into inner illumination. He sees that death is *māyā*, for all death is re-birth in life, and all life is an eternal moment in the Eternal Now. He has no quarrel with any religion : for in all shines the One Light. He has no hate for any nation: for all nations are limbs of the One Divine Humanity. He sends out his love even to the most fallen : for none is absolutely separated from the One Life that flows into all and makes Humanity one Divine Organism.

In a Western drama, the author, Suderman, makes Herodias reproach John the Baptist thus :—"What right have you to judge the guilty, you who flee from human life into the loneliness of the desert? He who would presume to be a judge over men must have a share in their lives and be human with his fellows." The man of inner illumination gives love to all, knowing that separateness is an illusion and a fruitful source of forgetfulness. He has recovered the lost remembrance, and so attained to a new strength, a new idealism of action. As Arjuna exclaims after having the *visvadarshana* :—"Gone is my delusion. By Thy favour, O Sinless One, the memory of the sacred knowledge is restored to me. I am fixed, with doubts dispelled. I will fulfil Thy Word."

THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL

THE Life Beautiful,—what is its secret?

My answer to this question is in one simple word :—
Krishna! Krishna! Let Krishna be your Leader on the
path of life! Accept no convention! Live, every day,
making Him your Leader.

Krishna and His teaching,—the *Gītā*,—Krishna and His
life, Krishna and His communion with the poor and
simple, Krishna and His affectionate call to the sinner in
the strife of life, are, to my mind, summed up in the words,—
the Life Beautiful.

When I think of Krishna as the Babe of Brindaban, I say
to myself :—Here is the very picture of the Life Beautiful.
Bathed in love and mirroring love, the *Parama Purusha*, the
Supreme, manifested Himself in the Mathura Jail! Bend-
ing in humility before the Child and, with folded hands,
worshipping Him, I see Vasudeva and Devaki offering
flowers of reverence to the Babe, singing songs to Him and
seeing in His eyes a light making all things new.

The stars smile on the Babe : and the star, Rohini, radiant
in beauty, rejoices. The very waters in the river become
crystal clear. And the lakes shine with the lustre of lotuses.
Forest-trees become fragrant with flowers. And the fires
of *yagna*,—sacrificial fires,—suddenly burst into flames, and
the sages shower flowers. For He, the Guardian of the
sages, is come. In Him is revealed the Beauty Eternal.

He comes in the dark of the midnight. He comes when
the skies are covered with water-laden clouds. His eyes
are large and lustrous and soft as the lotus. And His curly
hair shines as shine the rays of the sun.

How beautiful is the thought that every Janmashtami

Day, He,—Krishna, the Saviour of India, the Giver of bread to the poor, the Giver of breath to the Aryan Race, the All-loving Krishna,—cometh to bless the poor and wipe the tears of the weary and heavy-laden, the forlorn and lowly! Yes,—He, the King of countless hearts, the King of Ancient Beauty, He cometh to bless and to heal. Picture after picture of the Life Beautiful is woven in this one supreme meditation.

I THINK of Him again as the Singer of the Flute. I meditate on the Singer and His Song. Once again, I exclaim :—“What a picture of beauty!” What a moving, thrilling note rises, again and again, from the depths of the Song of the Singer,—the Song of God, the Song we call the *Bhagavad Gītā*! How the music of this wonderful Song still fills our hearts while crowns and kingdoms have passed away!

How beautiful is this book, the *Bhagavad Gītā*! Beautiful not only in the music of its words but, also, in its thought and its vision. This inner beauty of the *Gītā* has ravished the minds and hearts of untold men and women.

This book has been translated into more than forty languages. Whence cometh its power, if not from some great fountain of beauty and spiritual life? This fountain flows from the Heart of a Beautiful One, a Holy One, who has, through the centuries of India's history, remained a Symbol of Eternal Beauty, a Symbol of Youth that ever is fresh and new, a Symbol of Eternal Youth.

They misread this masterpiece who interpret it in terms of abstract philosophy. This book is beautiful because of its personal appeal to the heart of man,—the hearts of men and women of different climes and countries. Again and again, rises in the teaching of the Master the moving, thrilling note :—“Come unto Me! Come unto Me!”

O Son of Kunti!

*Know thou that he who loveth all that lives
And deeply loveth Me, attains to Me!*

*By love and worship he doth know Me still
As I am, how high and wonderful!
He knoweth Me! He enters into Me,
His will forever blended one with Mine!*

*And whatsoever deeds he doeth, O noble knight!
He offers them all to Me. His refuge I!
He hath forever and forever won,
By grace, the Eternal Bliss.*

*Arjuna! learn to renounce to Me and sacrifice thy mind
And will to Me. Live in the faith of Me, thy All!
Eternally thine am I, as thou, Arjuna! art eternally Mine!*

It is this personal appeal in the *Gītā*, this call of Krishna's love to the soul, which lingers in our hearts. And I can understand why the great German scholar, Schlegel, on reading the *Gītā*, was with rapture filled, and, thrilled with joy, exclaimed, in words which often have touched mine eyes with tears. Schlegel exclaimed:—"The *Gītā* is the deepest book and the sublimest scripture in all the literature of Humanity."

How often have I not felt, on reading the words of the Holy One in the *Gītā*, that while Arjuna communes with Krishna, the face of the disciple is kindled with a strange, new, transfiguring light! Yes,—Arjuna's face becomes new, becomes sanctified. For Arjuna, in the very act of communing with Krishna, sees for the first time the meaning of life and the meaning of renunciation and the meaning of the joy that cometh to him who hath learnt to renounce.

To the simple and lowly in the heart comes the call to

live the life which is life, indeed,—the Life Beautiful. Of this life a significant symbol is Krishna's Flute. Krishna was, essentially, a Singer. His Song flowed through the Flute to receptive hearts. And His Song speaks through the *Bhagavad Gītā* and in the lives of the devout and pure whose lives are dedicated to the service of the Master.

There was joy in the notes of the Flute. And joy entered the hearts of those who heard the Flute. But never forget that joy dwells in the hearts of the truly free. And the Life Beautiful is, essentially, a life of the free ones, the emancipated ones.

We seek, with selfish hearts, to build houses of power : and they become prison-houses. They enchain the soul. We purchase power, position and the yellow dust we call gold. We purchase it all at a heavy price. We purchase the world and pay for it by surrendering freedom : and we find, at last, that to be "big" is to be in bondage.

Krishna's Flute is a call to men and women to break all bonds. Three bonds, specially, does the Life Beautiful, the call of the Flute, ask us to break. The three bonds are evil desires, selfish actions and weak will. These three must go, if we are to enter into the life of freedom.

Consider for a moment what are the marks of life in general. And then consider what is the life of the truly free man, the *mukta*. To live is to respond and to receive. When the plant dies, it does not respond to light and air and water. When a horse dies, it does not respond to the master's call. When a man dies, he does not respond to his friends and family. To live is to respond. To live is to receive.

You are what you are on account of the influences on you of others. Your body is an inheritance from your ancestors. Your mind is, largely, a social inheritance. Education and other social influences make you, largely,

what you are. You live in the measure in which you respond and receive.

In a beautiful text in the *Gītā*, Krishna calls attention to two things we must do, if we are to respond to Reality and live the life of the free man. The two things are:— (1) *tapasyā*; and (2) *yagna*. In ease and enjoyment, alas! we have spent so much of our time. We have lived a life of *bhoga* (sense-enjoyment).

Read the story of the nations. It is the resolves of men of *tapasyā* that have made history. A great writer of our days and a true lover of India asks us never to forget Gandhi's name but bless him for ever. Why is the name of Gandhi still charged with a spell, an influence which is not dead? Gandhi was a man of *tapasyā*. Would it be wrong to speak of him as the maker of the India of today? Not yet, I know, is India truly free. But the measure of freedom India enjoys today is the measure of our response to this man of *tapasyā*,—Beloved Gandhi.

It is the resolves and sacrifices of such men of *tapasyā* that make history and revolutionise the life of multitudes. Nothing pains my heart so much as to see men and women turning still after the rich, the so-called big men.

The Flute of Sri Krishna appealed to the hearts of the poor, simple shepherds and shepherdesses of Gokul and Brindaban. At the Festival of the Free, which I look for in the day India is truly emancipated, will meet, I believe not the proud of power but the simple in heart with their shining light of reverence and love. *Tapasyā* will build the Life Beautiful which India has longed for. *Tapasyā* will generate the true power of service.

How often do not men of riches and power speak to you. You are unmoved! But a true man comes, a true *sādhu*, a true disciple of Krishna. He speaks a few words. You feel the inspiration of his speech. Why? The *sādhu*, the

true disciple, is a man of *tapasyā* : and in his words is the power of *tapasyā*.

To *tapasyā* add *yagna*. The Eternal is the *Yagneshwara*, the Lord of Sacrifice. The Eternal is the real Builder of nations and individuals. *Yagna* is not a rite external. I attach little value to rites and ceremonies. I am a heretic. *Yagna* is what you offer to the Lord. But what can we offer? you ask. Ah! you dream of doing big things. But the Lord accepts a little flower, a little leaf, any little thing offered with devotion.

I ask you not to run after greatness but try to be humble instruments of service to your community, your society, your country. A little thought of help, a little sympathy, a little act of kindness, a little deed of love,—that is the *yagna* asked of you by the *Yagneshwara*.

Responding to the life of the universe with *tapasyā* and *yagna*, you may receive from the All-Giver the power to achieve. Your life, then, is truly fruitful. In an ancient book, we read the story of a woman, a fruit-seller. Krishna is a little child. The woman feels the mystic influence of Krishna's dark beauty. He wants some fruits. He sees them in the woman's little basket. Krishna has in His hands a few grains of rice. He scatters them to her in return for her fruits. And the story tells us that every grain of rice becomes a grain of gold in the woman's hands. Such is the law. What you give, the Lord returns to you a thousand-fold.

I ask you to learn to scatter, not hoard your lives. In the strength of *tapasyā* and *yagna* re-arise, sons of the sages of the East! And vindicate again India's message which we have lost in the tumults and shows and vanities of life.

Awake! And utter again the wisdom of India, the message of her seers and sages. The nations need it. Civilisation needs it. Not in pride but in humility of

heart, in repentance and with new resolves, think of the mighty achievements of the India that is no more. Think of what India achieved in the long ago. And think of your own feeble present.

You say you have a proud past. You say you have high traditions. Don't your traditions lay on you high obligations to be fulfilled, today? You say you are proud of them. I humbly ask :—Are they proud of you? Let us confess that we have sinned against our ancestors,—the *Rishis*,—and we have sinned against the Lord. He hath waited long. He is waiting still in the rain and storm outside. Let us do *tapasyā* and *yagna* again. Then He may enter, again, the Temple of the Nation's Heart and rekindle the kindly light.

NOT many years ago, there came to America a young man. He came from Japan. He was studying at one of the Universities of America. One day, this young Japanese meets his teacher,—a professor in his College,—and says to him :—"Sir! may I speak?"

The professor says :—"Speak out what you have to say."

And the young man says :—"Tell me how I may make my life beautiful. I do not expect you to speak to me of a creed or a dogma. I do not expect you to speak to me of a book or even of the Bible. But speak to me, Master! of the Life Beautiful. How may I make my life beautiful?"

It is a question which springs, also, in our hearts.

After several weeks, the young man comes again to the professor and says :—"Sir! today I come to take leave of you, for I go back home. I return to Japan. I have finished my work here."

The professor is surprised. He says to the student :—

"Last time you came you said something concerning the Life Beautiful. Have you found the secret of the Life Beautiful?"

The professor then looks into the eyes of the student. They gleam with joy. And the young man's face glows with a strange light. "Sir!" says the student, "I have found the secret of the Life Beautiful. And so I go back home, treasuring this secret in my heart,—the secret of the Life Beautiful."

And the professor, deeply surprised, says to the student:—"Where, where, my brother! where have you found the Life Beautiful?"

Then the young man, with a quiver of emotion in his words, says:—"Sir! I left you weeks ago, and still the quest was in my heart, still the search was in my eyes, and still I went, from place to place, asking myself the question:—Where is the Life Beautiful? Here, in these big cities, in these crowded quarters, in houses of learning and civilisation, I find not what I have sought, again and again. And there were tears in my eyes, until I met an old man, a sage. Then I *saw!*"

"What did you see?" asks the professor.

"Sir!" answers the student, "I saw the face of the old man was kindled. The eyes of the old man were bright, filled with light. And I spoke to the old man, saying:—'You look so young! You are so happy!' And I asked him:—'What is the secret of your youth? What is the secret of your happiness?' And the old man answered thus:—'From morn till night I seek to serve. I am busy, busy, busy, working for others, trying to help others, trying to serve the poor, sending out my sympathy and love to those who stand in need of help and strength, serving them in this broken world. And, suddenly, this discovery shone within my heart that others are not apart from me but are

a part of me. They are mine, as I am theirs. No separation between me and the suffering ones, between me and the lowly ones! We are one,—in the movement of One Life, children of the One Eternal who shines and ever shines in all forms on earth and sea. Then, O my brother! then I found that the secret of the Life Beautiful was sympathy that went out to all. The secret is the love that never dies. Love and sympathy I give henceforth to all. I have found the Life Beautiful!”

So may it be with you, my brothers and sisters who read my words, month after month.

Find the Life Beautiful in sympathy and service! The secret of the Life Beautiful, the secret of the Blessed Life is love.

*O take my feet and let them be
E'er swift and strong, O Lord! for Thee.*

*O take my tongue and let it sing
Each day of Thee, Eternal King!*

*O take my lips and let them be
Alive, aglow with love for Thee.*

*O take my silver and my gold:
I will not life itself withhold!*

On this note let me close. May Krishna, the King of kings, give you strength to grow, from more to more, to walk, every day, in the light,—the light which is the light of the sun and moon and stars, the light of all the worlds, the light of love! And may the benedictions of the Spirit of Love shine and shine on you for evermore!

THE GITA AND THE NEW AGE

THE King of kings was He! Yet He played with children, the *gopis* at Gokul. And the sages spoke of Him as the Ancient, the Unborn,—the *Parama Purusha* come to bless a broken humanity. He passed from *gopi* to *gopi* playing on His little flute, and saluted by all who saw Him as the purest of the pure! A Prince, he was born in jail,—a Prince born with a beauty which the sun and moon and stars reflected as the jewels scattered from His Face!

The *gopis* loved Him, saying :—"A Lamp art Thou to us who behold Thee : a Mirror of Light!" "Enter into My service!" is the call to everyone who would be in communion with Krishna. The *gopi*-soul is in communion with Krishna : therefore is the *gopi*-soul called blessed.

A divine emanation enters into everyone who has received a light from Krishna's Lamp, and his presence becomes a source of joy to many! In an early reference to him we read that he is a "source of joy to Krishna" : he is the "sun of the soul" : he becomes a "temple of the Holy Spirit." Such a soul has the strength to tread "the way of purification" : he is purified by "fire." "He," we read, "casts aside pleasure and heedlessness."

On such a purified soul is conferred immortality, even divinity. He becomes Krishna-like, in beauty and the service of this broken world. He shows forth the revelation of the *Gita* in his daily life. He sees Krishna in the "blaze of the torches." His life becomes a communion with Krishna, communion with the Christ of the ages!

Krishna's true disciple, Krishna's *gopi*, enters into new life. The Krishna-man is the new man. The life of the new man is the new life. In everyone a war is being waged

within : a Kurukshetra is in the life of everyone. This Kurukshetra,—the *kshetra*, the battle-field,—we must face and be a victor and, through the victory, achieve the grace which is a sign of the new man.

To be new, we must enter into the life of Krishna who fights Duryodhana and yet is at peace with all in the depths of impenetrable silence. To be a new man is the purest aspiration of Krishna's disciple, the deepest teaching of Krishna.

Attaining to this stage, you become Krishna's *gopi*, His Radha : then your "self" has passed away. You live the unitive life in God. "I" vanishes. God becomes the mirror of yourself. The soul returns to the One,—is one with the One!

Is not every *sloka* of the *Gita* a light from Krishna's Lamp?

The word "Gita" means a "song." Krishna's Revelation,—the Song,—was treasured in many hearts before it was written on parchment or palm-leaves and tablets of stone.

The *Gita* has only seven hundred verses (*slokas*) : and these take the form of a *samvāda*, a dialogue between Krishna and His pupil, Arjuna. Through fifty centuries and more of India's chequered history hath shone, in quiet beauty, the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Song of the Lord. These seven hundred verses sparkle as sparkle the stars refreshing, renewing, blessing the hearts of toil-wearied travellers on the path of life.

In the *Gita*, Krishna, the Teacher, gives to Arjuna the message of the ancient wisdom. It is the message of the *ātman*, the deathless Self. All forms begin and have their end : but the *ātman*, the Spirit, abides. All things flow : all things melt. This spacious universe will, in the day of *pralaya* (dissolution), flow back into formlessness. The suns and the systems go back to the drift of things. The

earth, its lands and seas, its kingdoms and civilisations, shall one day perish : the stars and the galaxies, all shall into *pralaya* go! But, as the *Gita* declares, "birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the *ātman* for ever!"

On the battle-field of Kurukshetra, Krishna breathed out the benediction of His Song, the *Bhagavad Gītā*. It bears witness to India's culture of the Spirit. India may, perhaps, never know, in the immediate future, so rich a culture again!

Precious beyond words is the *Gita*. In the words of the ancient Vedic bard, the *Gītā* is "a gem born from the ocean." It is a *ratna*, a jewel, born from the depths of the Heart of Man! In the depths is He, Krishna, from whose Face is articulate the whole universe. In the depths of the Heart is the Song of the *Gītā*,—the Song of service to creation and of love and longing for the Beloved.

Some of the notes of the Song of the *Gītā* are :—

(1) Act, act,—as a hero in the field of life! Krishna the Thinker is, also, Krishna the Doer. A Friend of the peasant, He is, also, a Friend of the statesman and the general. A Singer on the flute, He is, also, a Builder of new Brindaban and new Mathura. And this Master of selfless action, this supreme *Karma-yogin* speaks to Arjuna in the hour of India's destiny :—"Arjuna! stand up and fight!"

(2) Serve,—but with no desire in your heart! Serve as serveth the sun that transforms rock into gold,—by burning. Burn all desires and serve humanity, transforming into gold what you touch in compassion and love.

In imitation of the West, you, my countrymen, scramble for wealth and power, but you part with your sense of beauty. You accumulate riches but you lose your spiritual creativeness. In the present order of things, the soul decays and the "dictatorship of money" dominates and

hastens decay. Krishna asks Arjuna in the *Gita* to beware of accumulation. The modern world is clever but lacks sympathy and brotherliness. Krishna calls us to communion with humanity in sympathy and brotherliness.

(3) Fear not! Be dauntless in the face of death. For death is but a mask, a veil, behind which is communion with life. The sun sets to rise again. The *kshatrya* (warrior) dies on the battle-field and, leaving his body here, awakes released in the unseen.

(4) The world is a phenomenon, a *māyā* : and the *māyā* is a veil. The Beloved is seen shining forth, as veil after veil is withdrawn. And where shineth forth His radiant Countenance? Neither in the temple nor in the mosque : neither in the convent nor in the church : neither on mountain-side nor on hill and dale. His radiant Face, He revealeth in the Heart within.

(5) The Face of the Beloved shineth in the heart when the "ego" hath vanished and, looking at myself, I no longer see myself.

The wisdom of the *Gītā* is a music which lingers in the heart of every one who would dedicate his life to the Lord.

Not he who recites verses nor he who chants hymns,—the *Gītā* teaches,—but he who lives the right life and does just deeds is the true man. The *Gītā* interprets a faith without restrictions of race and creed, a religion of brotherhood, of the One life in all, a religion of Spirit and Truth, a religion of dedicated work, a religion of love. The *Gītā* teaches how man may be perfect as the *Parama Purusha* is perfect. The *Gita* teaches how all egoism, all sense of separation may be eliminated. The *Gītā* is a masterpiece of thought and a canticle of action.

The *Gītā*, indeed, is a Scripture Universal, rich in its appeal to men and women of all races and all religions : and well may pilgrims from far-off lands, coming to India

as to the holy land of humanity, point to the *Gita* and, in joy and reverence, say :—"Here is enshrined, perhaps, the truest vision of life, the richest revelation :—"The Beloved revealeth His radiant Face in the Heart within : why wander ye afar?" "

We are told that the present is a turning point in history. We are told that atomic or hydrogen energy, used at any time in a new world war, may destroy mankind. As I survey the situation of the world, I find the nations are swayed by cults of greed and power.

And what about India? I am asked. What answer can I give? Once India lived. Once her life was in communion with the *ātman*, the Spirit, with Universal Humanity. Today, India wanders in unrest. She will live again in the day she will verify and enrich the *Gītā's* vision of Life. Her mission in the coming days is to reveal the synthesis of freedom and spirituality. To be truly spiritual,—says the *Gita*,—is to be truly free. For spirituality is inner liberation. And out of the inner are the issues of outer life.

At this hour, vice and vanity, luxury and pride, have sapped the inner strength of civilisation. At this hour, the machine sits heavy on the heart of man. At this hour Humanity lies wounded in the house of her own children who have renounced the worship of Eternal Values and built altars to the Gods of "State," "Empire," or "Race." At this hour, in the silent spaces of the night which is creeping over the nations, methinks, I hear the call of Sri Krishna, the call of the *Gītā* :—"Stand up, O Arjuna! and act unafraid, offering your life as a *yagna*, in the service of the broken, bleeding children of Humanity!"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

LET me indicate, briefly, some aspects of Krishna's Teaching in the form of questions and answers in the hope that what He taught may come home better to some of us who have the longing to know and who fain would help in building a bridge between East and West.

QUESTION :—What is the secret of *paramārtha*,—the “Knowledge Supreme?”

ANSWER :—This is the “Knowledge Supreme,”—the Life Eternal,—to know that around us is a Mystery.

We know not much : nor does he who would be devoted to Krishna,—be a Krishna-*bhakta*,—seek to understand heaven and earth. His aspiration is :—“May I commune with Thee, live each day in Thee, love Thee! Only Thou dost know Thyself : Thou dost transcend my knowledge. My joy is in Thee through continual remembrance of Thy Name,—through love of Thee and service of Thee and singing Thee in silence and in speech,—in thought and action.”

QUESTION :—Shall we renounce action?

ANSWER :—No! Inertia is impossible. Act you must : but see that you do not imprison yourself in act. “The world,” the Master says, “is imprisoned in its own activity.” Act, but let not action be a “fetter.” Act, but be free.

QUESTION :—How may that be?

ANSWER :—Offer your action as worship (*yagna*) to God! Let every act become a sacrament! The *Gita* says :—“Perform every action sacramentally.”

QUESTION—How may a man become perfect through work?

ANSWER —To perfection you may attain if you will do the work which is natural to you. Such work is "duty." (1) Do your duty; and (2) offer your work, your duty,—*swadharma*,—as an act of worship to the Lord.

QUESTION :—What is the way to God?

ANSWER :—Many ways there be which lead to God. Perhaps, every man goes to God along his own way : perhaps, the ways to God are as many as they who seek Him. Walk the way suited to you,—according to your temperament your psychic endowment, your discipline : at the end of every way stands He,—God Himself. "On whatever Road, a man doth walk, on that Road I go to meet him,"—says Krishna in the *Gita*. The Goal of all is one,—God Himself; and all the ways are essentially one; for they all lead to the One.

QUESTION :—How may I think of the One Supreme?

ANSWER :—The One Supreme is the Lord of life and He is the Lord of all lives. Therefore, avoid the sin of separation.

Seeing the One Supreme in all creatures, you see the unity of all communities, all nations and all creatures,—all men and birds and beasts. Seeing all creatures thus, you develop a new perception : you look on creation with the eye of compassion, and you rejoice in the thought that all beings,—men, birds and beasts,—belong to the one Brotherhood of Life.

QUESTION :—Why are we so poor in the perception of unity? And why has the religious history of man suffered from conflict in the name of religion?

ANSWER :—The "ego" stands in the way of "vision" : annihilate the "I" and you will never see yourself save in Him. "O brother!" is the cry of Ibrahim Attar, "I will tell thee the mystery of mysteries : know that painting and the Painter are one !"

NEWS AND NOTES

By A "PILGRIM"

Holy Days :—At the morning and evening fellowship meetings (*satsang*) and at St. Mira's Institutions, holy days and days sacred to the great ones of humanity are observed.

The memories of Lokamānya Tilak, the great Indian patriot and devotee of Sri Krishna, author of the *Gītā Rahasya* ("The Secret of the Gita"), and of Jamshed Nusserwānji, whom Beloved Dādā* saluted as a "Prophet of the Poor," for whom, indeed, to live was to give, were observed on August 1.

August 7 was observed as the day sacred to the great Indian Poet, Rabindranath Tagore. The memory of the great Sindhi patriot and servant of the poor and lowly, Rijhu Lahori, who laid down his life in the service of cholera-stricken patients, was observed on August 12.

August 20 was celebrated as the day sacred to Sant Tulsidās, the author of *Rāma Charita Manas*, popularly known as *Rāmāyana*, which Mahātma Gāndhi regarded as the "greatest book in the world's devotional literature."

On all these days, the poor were fed and service was rendered to the disabled or the destitute.

Dādā Yagna :—Beloved Dādā's *Yagna* was celebrated with devotion and enthusiasm on August 8 with a three-days' programme (August 6-8). The programme included *akhand pāth* (continuous, unbroken recitation for sixty hours) of *Guru Granth Sāhib*, *Dādā Darshan* (pictures from Beloved Dada's life on the screen), *satsang*, *nām kirtan* (chanting of the Holy Name), meditation at Beloved Dada's *samādhi*, and feeding of the poor.

On August 8, hundreds of poor people were fed and plantains were distributed among them. Packets of tea, potatoes, onions, and soap cakes were distributed among needy sisters. Sweets were given to children.

At the evening Fellowship Meeting, hundreds of brothers and sisters listened to Beloved Dādā's voice. He said :—
"The way to perfection is the way of being a little one. God asks not for great things. Give Him little things. *Patram*, *pushpam*, *phalam*, *toyam*,—these the Lord gladly accepts as

*Sri T. L. Vaswani

offerings to Him. Give to the poor ones in broken cottages little cups of cold water, little gifts of love, kind words, and the Lord will bless you! Sow little seeds of love and you will reap a rich destiny. Be a little one of the Lord!"

Dada Yagna will be celebrated again on October 7.

Sain Tejoomal :—On August 16 came the news of the passing away of this holy man of God. For over thirty years he passed through great physical suffering : but his face was ever illumined by a smile, and out of his parted lips came, again and again, the sacred syllable, "Om! Om! Om!" He had become infirm : he could not move. And yet he glorified the Name of God, saying :—"I am happy as happy can be. For God has ever been kind to me. Blessed be His Name!"

At the Fellowship Meeting held on August 17, tributes were paid to this simple, humble man of God. Fragrant be his memory!

Rākhi Bandhan Day :—The *Rākhi Bandhan* Day was celebrated with rich enthusiasm on August 27. Hundreds of sisters and several brothers gathered round Beloved Dada's Statue and tied *rākhis* round his uplifted arm pointing heavenwards, as they sang a simple tune :—"Accept this *rākhi*, Master! and take care of us here and hereafter!" The sight was wonderful to behold.

The poor were fed on the *Rākhi Bandhan* Day and fruits were distributed among poor patients at the Sasoon Hospital.

To the Great Beyond :—A devotee of Beloved Dada, Mrs. Kundi Motiram Makhijani, passed away, at Bombay, on August 21. In accordance with her last wishes, her body was brought to Beloved Dada's sacred *samadhi* (at Poona) where prayers were offered for the dear, departed one.

In memory of his dear wife, Shri Motiram Makhijani has given Rs. 7,000/- to the Brotherhood Association. Of this amount, Rs. 1,000/-are to be spent in service of the poor on the occasion of Beloved Dada's Yagna on September 8.

May the soul of the dear, departed one abide at the Lotus-feet of Beloved Dada!



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